

Gentle Giant, Dog's Life

Shuffling down the street with his sideways feet,
Stopping now and then and he'll stop again,
No doubt in his mind where he's going.

He doesn't care for his hair or his teeth
And if the truth were known he's a bit of a thief,
Innocently lies, and it's showing.

Who'd imagine he's man's best friend.
Knowing he's your friend in the end.

Won't be around when you shout or swear
Not very sorry, he doesn't care;
God knows why we call him old faithful.

Pat him on the head, give the dog a bone;
Use a friendly tone, he won't leave you alone.
No one understands like old faithful.

Early rise. Is it wise?
Wonders happen now and then.
Eats his fill, time to kill,
Then goes back to sleep again.
Trusty slave, bold and brave,
And he roars like a lion
But in fact, it's an act,
And the truth is that he isn't
No one understands it's a dog's life.

Chases dreams, so it seems
He shines in his master's light.
Looking good, so he should
For the choice is very narrow
No one understands it's a dog's life.

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